

Railroad Engineer

Testifies to Benefits Received From
Dr. Miles' Remedies.



THERE is no more responsible position on earth than that of a railroad engineer. On his steady nerves, clear brain, bright eye and perfect self command, depend the safety of the train and the lives of its passengers. Dr. Miles' Nervine and other remedies are especially adapted to keeping the nerves steady, the brain clear and the mental faculties unimpaired.

Engineer F. W. McCoy, formerly of 1233 Broadway, Council Bluffs, but now residing at 3411 Humboldt St., Denver, writes that he "suffered for years from constipation, causing sick, nervous and bilious headaches and was fully restored to health by Dr. Miles' Nervine and Liver Pills. I heartily recommend Dr. Miles' Remedies."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



Passenger Traffic Increasing West.
Chicago, Nov. 10.—Passenger traffic on western roads is rapidly increasing. Reports show that recent earnings are far in advance of those for the corresponding period last year. The improvement noted is not confined to any particular class of business. It is pretty equally divided between local and through traffic.

Fossil Pills.

The demand is proof of their worth—Dr. Agnew's Fossil Pills are beating out many fossil formulas at a quarter a box—They're better medicine—Easier doses and 10 cents a vial. A thousand ailments may arise from a disordered liver. Keep the liver right and you'll not have a Sick Headache, Biliousness, Nausea, Constipation, and Sallow Skin—Sold by L. M. Watson and Parkhill & Son.—20.

Luetger's Second Trial.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Former Judge Vincent, who conducted the defense in the first trial of Adolf L. Luetger, has withdrawn from the case. Private business affairs is given as the cause of his withdrawal. Attorney Phalen, who was associated with Vincent during the famous trial, and who announced the latter's withdrawal, will conduct the defense at the second hearing, which will not be called within six weeks.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by Johnson & Henderson, druggists, Owosso, Mich.

Bold Train Robbery.

Albuquerque, N. M., Nov. 8.—Atlantic and Pacific passenger train No. 2, from the west, was held up by four men near Grant's Station, ninety-five miles west of this city, at 7:30 Saturday night. After blowing open the express company's safe, the robbers wrecked the train, which caught fire, the express, baggage and smoking cars being totally destroyed. It is not yet known whether they were successful in obtaining booty, but it is thought that a large amount of money was carried by the train.

"How to Cure all Skin Diseases."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

State Notes.

Joseph Turcotte was killed at Lake Linden, Mich., by falling under a wagon laden with two tons of bottled beer. Alonzo Tiltworth, employed in the shingle mill of Cameron Bros. at Torch Lake, Mich., was struck in the right side with a stick while fixing a belt in the mill and killed instantly.

Frank Philicator, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has sold his three Alaska gold mines to an English syndicate for \$1,000,000.

Habitual constipation cured and the bowels strengthened by the regular use of Carter's Little Liver Pills in small doses. Don't forget this.

John Nix, a woodsman, was instantly killed by the east-bound train on the Chicago and Northwestern road at Bessemer, Mich.

Steps are being taken for the appointment of a receiver of the defunct Exchange bank at Grayling, Mich. Its losses to depositors will aggregate \$25,000.

Consumption in its advanced stages is beyond the power of man to cure. It can be prevented, though, by timely use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

The Holland Trust company, of New York, has applied for a receiver for the Saginaw (Mich.) Electric Light and Power company.

Michael Carlson, a switchman at Escanaba, Mich., was run over by the cars and instantly killed.

During a quarrel at Niles, Mich., Mrs. Douglas Parcell cut her husband's throat.

Incontinence of water during sleep stopped immediately by Dr. E. Decker's ANTI-DIURETIC. Cures children and adults alike. Price \$1. Sold by Johnson & Henderson, druggists, Owosso, Mich. 4-30-95

THE NORTH WALK MYSTERY

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

AUTHOR OF
"FROM CLIVE TO CLIMAX."
"THE LAND OF THE CHANGING SUN."
"ALMOST PERSUADED."
"A MUTE CONFESSOR."
ETC. ETC.
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CHAPTER VI.

Hendricks went back to his chair beside Mr. Meynell, who seemed to be waiting for him.

The coroner glanced at a sheet of paper on which he had written the names of the witnesses.

"I think I have called them all except the son of the old man," said he. Just then they heard a groan from Ralph Benton and saw him clutching at the mantelpiece. A china cup and saucer fell to the hearth with a crash, and the young man sank slowly to the floor, face downward.

"Oh, he has fainted!" cried his sister, and she ran to him and tried in vain to raise him up. Montcastle secured a pillow from the sofa and put it under the young man's head. Hendricks sprang up to get some water, and finding the jug on the table empty he ran into the next room. There he filled a glass from a water cooler and brought it back. As he entered Ralph was reviving. The young man opened his eyes, smiled faintly, drank a little of the water held to his lips by his excited sister and then drowsily closed his eyes.

"Is he subject to fainting attacks?" asked Hendricks.

"He used to have them when he was a child," answered Miss Benton. "Oh, I don't know what to do! It is all so awful! My poor father is dead, and if brother were to die I don't know what I should do. Call Wilson and Jarnagin."

She looked up at Montcastle. "He must be removed to his room. It has all been too much for him. I hope it will soon be over." She was looking at Hendricks. "Surely you won't keep us here much longer?"

"Will his testimony be necessary?" asked the coroner, touching the detective on the arm.

"Why, not at all," said Hendricks. "You won't find out anything else from the family and household. We must look outside, my friend, outside."

"Thank you," said Miss Benton, holding a bottle of smelling salts to her brother's nostrils and rubbing his forehead tenderly. Wilson and Jarnagin approached. They raised the young man between them and bore him from the room. They were followed by the other witnesses, and Hendricks, the coroner and the jury were left alone in the library. A verdict was soon rendered. It read as follows:

"We find that Jacob Benton met his death from a shot fired by an unknown person."

As the jury were retiring Hendricks turned to Mr. Meynell.

"What were the contents of the dead man's pockets?" he asked.

The coroner opened a brown paper parcel on the table. It contained a notebook, a purse of \$45, a penknife, a lead pencil and a watch and chain.

"Looks as if nothing were taken," said the detective tentatively.

"No; robbery was not the motive evidently, Mr. Hendricks. You can safely bank on that."

Hendricks nodded thoughtfully.

"I should like to keep these things along with the revolver if you have no objection," said he. "They may suggest an idea for operation. For the present I am at sea in a very poor craft."

"Mystery to me," said the coroner. "By the way, I presume I did right in letting the undertaker look after the body. I see they are bringing it round to the drawing room."

"Perfectly right," replied the detective. "Oh, I say, Meynell!" as the coroner was turning away. "I presume we have seen all the people who usually live in the house, haven't we?"

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the coroner. "There is a Mr. Brooke Allen, an elderly man, who has been for years associated with Mr. Jacob Benton in his scientific work. I was told by the chief of police that he lives here about half his time, though he has not been in East Orange for a week or so."

Hendricks pulled his beard reflectively.

"There is one other thing," he said. "I'd like to have the clothes in which old Benton was found. Please have them done up carefully for me. I may have a use for them."

"Easy enough," answered the coroner. "I'll speak to the undertaker about them at once. I wish you luck, Mr. Hendricks. I'm sure you are the right man to throw light on the mystery."

"As you go out," said Hendricks, frowning down the compliment, "please send that coachman to me. I'll wait here."

In a minute Jarnagin entered. Hendricks smiled at him reassuringly.

"Thought you might help me a little, Jarnagin," he began. "Hold your tongue, and I'll see that you don't lose anything by it."

"I am the sort that can do it, sir," said the coachman, already at his ease.

"I know that, Jarnagin," said the detective, throwing himself into an easy chair and biting the end of a cigar.

"You see, I want to know something about the people who live in a place where a crime has been committed. Every one can help a little by a suggestion here and there. Now, I have seen every one but this Mr. Allen, who, I understand, has been associated with your late master in his scientific work."

"He has not been here for more than a week, sir," replied Jarnagin. "Him a master had a rumour about some contract or other. I heard 'em quarrel in one night in this very room, sir."

"A quarrel?" said Hendricks indifferently as he took a match from his pocket.

"Yes, sir," said Jarnagin. "Mr. Allen was a-ayin that master was not doin any of the hard work an was continually gittin his name in the papers, while nobody recognized his help at all. He said he was tired of it, an if master didn't sign some paper or other he'd publish somethin about master. They almost had a fight, sir. I heard 'em a-givin each other the lie an a good deal of loud talkin, an then I suppose master must a-kicked Mr. Allen out of the room, for he come out cryin and a-limpin an makin threats. I see 'im tryin to look in at the library windows, but master had locked the door an gone up to his laboratory. Since then I haven't laid eyes on Mr. Allen but once. He came one day when master was out an went up to his room an looked over some of his papers an went away."

"Which was his room?" asked Hendricks, scratching a match on the sole of his boot and lighting his cigar.

"It's the small one, sir, right over this one."

Hendricks said nothing for two or three minutes. Then he took the revolver from his pocket, went to the window and called the man to him.

"Did you ever see this gun before, Jarnagin?" he asked.

The servant took it and examined it closely.

"I could swear it used to stay in this room behind that big vase on the mantelpiece," answered the man. "I know it by the nick in the handle. I didn't get a good look at it durin the inquest."

"Whose was it?"

"I don't know, sir. It seemed to belong to the house. Master always kept it loaded for use in case of need. Seemed to me he was afraid some one would try to steal some of his plans an draw 'em."

"Where did he keep them?"

"In a big safe in his laboratory."

"Your master has been troubled with excessive nervousness lately, it seems," said Hendricks, restoring the weapon to his pocket.

"Never saw it equal, sir. Half the time he couldn't seem to sleep a wink at night, an then here of late he seemed to be awful hard to please. He's been

"Which was his room?" asked Hendricks, quarrelling with everybody—Mr. Ralph an Miss Alice an Mr. Montcastle. He couldn't bear that man in his sight, sir."

"Was it because his daughter seemed to prefer Montcastle?" asked the detective.

"I suppose so, sir. Anyway she likes him, an he is after her if ever a man was after a woman. They met each other at Newport last summer an have been correspondin ever since. Mr. Ralph invited 'im to the house party. His sister got 'im to do it. Master raised a awful row when he heard what the young folks was up to, but it was too late to stop it. Miss Hastings had already started, an Mr. Montcastle was some place where Miss Alice couldn't reach 'im."

"How long have you been in the family, Jarnagin?"

"More'n 20 years, sir."

Hendricks doubled his beard over his fingers and put the end between his teeth. Lampkin had seen him do it when he was in deep thought. Suddenly he pulled himself together.

"I presume Mr. Ralph and this Boston girl like each other?" he said.

"It looks very much like it, sir," said the coachman, "though she hasn't been showin it much, because Mr. Ralph is a pretty wild youngster. It looks like she's afraid to trust hersef to 'im. Mr. Ralph is always in debt an has given master a lot of trouble in one way or other. You see, sir, Miss Alice an her was in college together, an Miss Alice told her all about Mr. Ralph before she met 'im, an Miss Hastings was prepared to meet a pretty rapid fellow. She's gone on 'im, though, as I've told Mr. Ralph more'n once. She can't hide it. She pretends to be interested in what the others are sayin or doin of evenin's, but if Mr. Ralph misses his train an can't get home on time she gets so restless she can't sit still."

Hendricks deliberately changed the subject.

"Has Miss Alice had entire charge of the household affairs?" he asked.

"Only since her aunt went away, sir," returned Jarnagin.

"Her aunt? Who's she?" asked Hendricks.

"Miss Martha Benton, master's old maid sister," explained the coachman. "They sent her off two weeks ago to a

mind doctor in Philadelphia. She's there now takin his medicine."

"What ailed her?" asked the detective.

"She had a mighty morbid disposition, sir. She's always sayin she didn't want to live an the like. Mary told me they had a hard time not long ago to keep her from killin hersef. She bought a bottle of poison an had it ready to take when Miss Alice caught on to it, an her an Mr. Ralph talked the old lady out of it. Them two think the world an all of her. With all her cranky notions she has been a mother to 'em since mistress died."

Hendricks parted his beard and slowly scratched his chin.

"Do you think, Jarnagin," he said, "that your master's irritability could have been due to any physical disease, any mental trouble?"

"I believe he had softenin of the brain, sir," said Jarnagin, looking guiltily toward the door, as if from the consciousness that he was betraying the hiding place of a family skeleton. "A New York doctor was to see 'im once, an one of the maids overheard 'im say that if master didn't stop losin sleep an worryin it would kill 'im. That was three years ago. Master give up work an went to Europe. He come back lookin better, but it wasn't a month before he was pacin up an down the north walk again at all hours of the night an eternally tinkerin away in his laboratory."

"He has not had medical advice since he came back from abroad?" asked the detective.

"I think not, sir. Miss Alice has been tryin to persuade 'im to do it, but he's been so irritable an full of fancies."

"Fancies?" interrupted Hendricks.

"Yes, sir," said the coachman. "He thought all of us, even his own children, was plottin to ruin an kill 'im."

"Have you ever heard him say anything on that line?" asked Hendricks, carelessly knocking the ashes from his cigar and looking to see if it were burning.

"I heard 'im accuse Mr. Ralph an Miss Alice the other day of wantin to get 'im out of the way so they could handle his money an the income on his inventions."

"What did they say to that?" asked the detective, scratching a match and holding it to his extinguished cigar.

"It made 'em awful mad. Mr. Ralph swore at 'im, an Miss Alice went to her room cryin."

Hendricks stood up and yawned lazily. He put his hand into his pocket and took out a \$5 bill and gave it to Jarnagin.

"Here's something for you, my good man, but mind you don't say anything about this conversation. It would offend the family, you know."

Jarnagin's eyes sparkled. "I know my place, sir. You needn't be afraid. Besides they'd discharge me if they knew I told you anything."

Hendricks went to the door and looked out.

"I see my friend Dr. Lampkin coming across the lawn. Send him to me here."

[CONTINUED.]

A Piece of Parchment.

When unwritten on, is not more colorless than the cadaverous countenances of those unfortunate persons whom we are accustomed to call "confirmed invalids." What a misnomer! Implying, too, despair, a giving up for lost! As long as the vivifying power of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can be felt, and that is possible so long as there is no absolute collapse of the faculties, fresh vitality can be infused into wasted, feeble frames; color and flesh can be brought back to wasted, pallid cheeks with this grand sheet anchor of the debilitated and the sickly. It is a tonic of the greatest potency and the utmost purity, and a remedy for and preventive of dyspepsia, bilious, malarious, rheumatic, nervous and kidney complaints. Appetite and sleep are greatly aided by it; it counteracts the effects of undue fatigue, or excitement, and nullifies the often perilous consequences of exposure in inclement weather or damp clothing.

Pringle's Tow Arrives in Port.
Port Huron, Mich., Nov. 10.—The tow of the steamer Pringle, became disabled in the gale on Lake Huron, was cast adrift and arrived here last evening. The schooner Unadilla and Sweetheart came in under sail and report a hard gale, although neither lost any of her deck load of lumber. The Ben Harrison far'd worse, losing much of her deck load and her foresail with boom and gaff.

"Painless and Delightful Catarrh Remedy" is the good word which John MacInnes, Watchmaker Bridge, N. S., has to say of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, after having suffered from Catarrhal Deafness for years. In 10 minutes from the first application he had relief, and after using but one bottle his hearing was restored in all its natural soundness. Not an excuse for despairing of a cure with such a remedy within reach of you.—Sold by L. M. Watson and Parkhill & Son.—18.

Big Logging Contract Closed.
Menominee, Mich., Nov. 9.—The biggest logging contract closed for the season is the cutting of 17,000,000 feet of pine on Ford river by Captain Martin Golden and his nephew, William Golden, of this city, for Utley & Douglas, the lumber and salt men of Manistee, Mich.

Have You a Skin Disease?
Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blisters, Chronic Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Pimples, or other eruptions of the skin—what Dr. Agnew's Ointment has done for others it can do for you—cure you. One application gives relief—35 cents.—Sold by L. M. Watson and Parkhill & Son.—19.

Butterworth Is Holding His Own.
Cleveland, Nov. 10.—There has been no change for the better in the condition of Patent Commissioner Butterworth. He seems to be holding his own, however, and that gives some encouragement to his family and friends.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!
SYMPTOMS—Moisture, intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 25 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son Philadelphia.

For Your Protection CATARRH
we positively state that this remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug.

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IT WILL CURE COLD IN HEAD
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